

★★ 1956 Edition ★★

THE
ANNUAL
FEAST OF MIRTH



LIMBLESS GENT'S
OWN PUBLICATION



**A COLLECTION OF THE
WORLD'S BEST JOKES
and AFTER - DINNER STORIES**

A Copy of This Book Should be in
Every Home



Be a Delight to Your Friends

By Relating Any One of These Jokes and Stories

A Copy of this Book is Priceless



Limbless Gent's Feast of Mirth



Compiled and Sold for the Aid of a Crippled Gent. Selling
same I thank you for your charity and interest, and feel sure
you will treasure these classic stories and jokes (compiled
from the world's best).



The compiler of this little book is a true and loyal Australian
and it is for the benefit of old and new Aussies.



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Humor in the Ranks

A CERTAIN MAN HAD NINE SONS

The First Son was a politician.
The Second Son had no brains either;
The Third Son was an archbishop,
The Fourth Son was equally immoral;
The Fifth Son was a financier.
The Sixth Son was in the next cell;
The Seventh Son was awarded the O.B.E.,
The Eighth Son did not go to the war either;
The Ninth Son didn't marry —
He was a Batchelor, like his Father.



RETURN CALL

The phone rang in the middle of the night, and I groggily picked up the receiver. It was a trunk line call. My heart hammering, I heard, "Is that you, Son?"

"Mum! What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong." I could hear mum chuckle. "It's your birthday."

"Holy smoke! You didn't drag me out of bed at 3 a.m. just to say Happy Birthday, did you?"

"Well, you made me get out of bed at 3 a.m. 30 years ago tonight — and I felt it was high time I paid you back!"

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Laughter Unlimited

Sammy: "How far is it to the camp?"

Native: "About five miles as the crow flies."

Sammy: "Well, how far is it if the crow has to walk and carry a rifle and a kitbag?"

Captain (sharply): "Button up that coat."

Married Recruit (absently): "Yes, dear."

SPORTING.

There joined the police force of London a young Scotsman but recently arrived from his native land. Being detailed on day to regulate the traffic in a certain thoroughfare, where the King and Queen were expected to pass, he was accosted by a lady hurrying to keep an appointment, who remonstrated with him over the delay. "I canna' let ye pass, ma'am," said he. "But, sir, do you know who I am? I am the wife of a Cabinet Minister." "It disna mak' ony difference, ma'am," he replied. "I couldna' let ye pass if you were the wife o' a Presbyterian minister."

"How did you get the Maltese cross?"

"By stepping on her tail."

Dodge: "Your wife certainly has a will of her own."

Hodge: "Yes, and I am the sole beneficiary."

Some Choice War-Time Yarns



One of those ladies who went about asking: "Why are you not in khaki?" was passing near a farm, when she saw a man sitting milking a cow. "Why are you not at the front?" she demanded.

"Why, ye see, ma'am, we get the milk at this end," was the reply.

Recruit: "If you was to put the lid on, you wouldn't get so much dust in the soup."

Cook: "See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

Recruit: "Yes, but not to eat."

Sympathetic Friend: "How do you feel now, Ed?"

Seasick Soldier: "Don't ask me; but if you know anybody that wants the freedom of the seas, tell him he can have it. I have no use for it."

"Is your girl blonde or brunette?" he asked.

"She's one of those suicide blondes. You know — dyed by her own hand."



REMEMBER THIS ONE

Husband: "How can you expect me to remember your birthday, darling, when you never look a day older?"

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BRIGHT

A soldier asked the adjutant if he could have some "passionate" leave.

Adjutant: You mean compassionate leave, don't you? You want leave to go and see your wife or something?

Soldier: Yes, that's right.

Adjutant: You're illiterate, aren't you?

Soldier: No, I joined of me own free will.

Adjutant: Don't you know the King's English?

Soldier: Well, he'd better be. I've been fighting for him for three years!



VERY TRUE

Daniel Purcell, the famous punster, being desired one night, in company, to make a pun extempore, asked: "Upon what subject?" "The King," was the answer. "Oh, Sir," replied Purcell, "the King is not a 'subject'."



Sir Alan Herbert once wrote:

" . . . But I know ladies by the score
Whose hair, like seaweed, scents the storm;
Long, long before it starts to pour
Their locks assume a baneful form;
Ah, who has not with Muriel rejoiced
One morning when her hair was much less moist,
Meaning it must be warm?

And I believe, with brush and comb,
Some damsel in an inner shrine
Sits always at the prophet's home
While sages all around recline,
Or wait with reverence on the outer mat
Until in ecstasy she pins a plait
And shriek's 'It will be fine' . . . "

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Ha! ha! ha!

The young man bounded out of the newsagent's, took a hop, step and a jump and landed hard on his seat in the gutter. A kindly old lady offered her hand to assist him to his feet. "My poor boy, are you hurt?" she asked.

"Not much," he said grumpily, "but I'd like to get my hands on the coot who pinched my bike."

"Remember," said the doctor, "that exercise kills germs."

"Yes, doctor," said the patient, "but how can one get the little devils to exercise?"

A glamorous starlet was telling her girl friend: "Yes we're practically engaged. He's just waiting for his fiancée to return the ring."

An Irishman employed in a shipyard had taken a day off without permission, and seemed likely to lose his place in consequence. When asked by the foreman why he hadn't turned up the day before, the man replied:

"I was so ill, sorr, that I couldn't have come to work to save my life."

"How was it, then, Pat, that I saw you pass the yard on your bicycle yesterday morning?" growled the foreman.

For a moment Pat was slightly taken back, but, regaining his presence of mind, replied:

"Sure, sorr, but that must have been when I was goin' for the doctor."



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The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range and began to purr. Little Dolly, who was strange to the ways of cats, regarded her with horror. "O, grandmother!" she cried, "come here, quick! The cat's begun to boil!"

Bobby was sent by his father on an errand to an elderly relative who placed great stress upon manners. Upon his return his father questioned him as to his reception.

"'Taint no use to write any more letters to him, pa. He can't see to read them. He's blind."

"Blind!"

"Yes. He asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time."

Waiter: "Soup sir?" Soup, sir?"

Haughty gentleman ignores waiter and slowly removes his gloves.

Waiter (impatiently): "Soup, sir?"

Haughty gentleman (angrily): "Is it compulsory?"

Waiter: "No, sir, ox tail."

**We Thank you for your patronage
and interest and wish you
GOOD LUCK and GOOD HEALTH**



*Life is mostly froth and bubble,
But two things stand like stone,
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.*

FEAST OF MIRTH

ABSENT

Absent-minded Professor taking out a brown packet, "I will now show you the different sections of the frog we are studying."

Opens packet and frowns at the two sandwiches he finds there. Thoughtfully, "I could have sworn I ate my lunch!"



Don't leave it till later !

BEGIN TODAY

So brief a time we have to stay
Along this dear, familiar way;
It seems to me we should be kind
To those whose lives touch yours and mine.

The hands that serve us every day,
Should we not help them while we may
They are so kind that none can guess
How soon they'll cease our lives to bless.

The hearts that love us, who may know
How soon the long, long way must go;
Then might we not their faults forgive.
And make them happy while they live?

So many faults in life there are
We need not go to seek them far;
But time is short and you and I
Might let the little faults go by.

And seek for what is true and fine
In those whose lives touch yours and mine;
This seems to me the better way
Then why not, friend, begin to-day?

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LET'S LAUGH . .

A CHURCHILIAN RETORT

Another story of this stormy petrel of prohibition (Lady Astor) concerns a joust with Sir Winston Churchill in the House of Commons, also.

Interjecting while the Prime Minister was addressing the House, Lady Astor hissed: "If you were my husband, Winston, I'd give you poison!"

Churchill bowed and retorted: "Madam, if I were, I'd drink it."



Comedian Herb Shriner, after a visit to a New York night club: "This place had a minimum. I don't know what it was, but the girls were wearing it."



WOW !

A chorus girl was in a gown shop choosing a dress while her sugar-daddy looked on.

"I don't think the color of that one suits you," he said. "Now if you wore something to match those stockings you'd be a sensation."

"I sure would," she replied. "I'm not wearing any."



"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment before?" the judge asked.

"Never," said the prisoner, starting to sob.

"Now, don't cry," soothed the judge, "you're going to get 12 months now."

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THE SERVICEMAN'S PRAYER

Our Prime Minister,
Which art in Canberra,
Menzies be thy name;
Thy will be done in Perth,
As it is in Sydney.
Give us this day our deferred pay
And forgive us our A.W.L.'s,
As we forgive the wharf-laborers,
Who strike against us,
Lead us not into the Allied Works Council,
But deliver us from the Japs;
For thine is the Manpower,
The War Loan and Taxation,
With holidays and elections,
For Evatt and Evatt,

—AH FADDEN

★ ★ ★

SO WHAT?

"Meehins, the cook advises me that you were intoxicated last night, and that you tried to roll a barrel up the cellar stairs.

"Partly, my lord."

"Then how is it I knew nothing about it? Where was I at the time?"

"In the barrel, my lord."

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First Gent.: "Come and dine with me to-morrow evening, old top."

Second Gent.: "Afraid I can't — I'm going to see Hamlet."

First Gent.: "Never mind, bring him with you."

Club Stories



Lord Saveus: "These blowsted Americans turn every-thing the wrong way."

Miss Un Der Stand: "How so, my lord?"

Lord Saveus: "Why, they talk about the Russian bally, when any awss can see that they mean the bally Russians."

Clerk: "I'd like to get a week off, sir, to attend the wedding of a friend."

Employer: "A very dear friend, I should say, to make you want that much time."

Clerk: "Well, sir, after the ceremony she will be my wife."

"What is your husband's income?" asked one woman of another.

"Oh, I hardly know," was the response. "Usually about 3 a.m."

In Dublin, a zealous policeman caught a cab driver in the act of driving recklessly. The officer stopped him and said: "What's yer name?"

"Ye'd better try and find out," said the driver, peevishly.

"Sure, and I will," said the policeman, as he went round to the side of the cab where the name ought to have been painted, but the letters had been rubbed off.

"Aha!" cried the officer. "Now ye'll git yersel' into trouble. Yer name seems to be obliterated."

"Ye're wrong," shouted the cabby triumphantly. "Tis O'Sullivan."

Don't forget to try these on your Friends



"Good news," said Mrs. Jones' husband, looking up from his newspaper. "Good news at last. The enemy's been driven back."

"Driven back?" snorted Mrs. Jones. "Did you say 'driven', John? Huh! If it'd been me I'd a made 'em walk."

"We had to stop our little girl answering the front-door calls."

"Why?"

"Well, the other day, when Midshipman Clark came to call on our eldest daughter, he was dressed in his white uniform, and when the little one opened the door and saw him she immediately called out: 'Ma, how much bread do you want to-day?'"

"We came out of the trenches one bitterly cold night," said a soldier, "and were billeted in a barn, where we were packed like sardines in a tin. Though numb with cold, we were soon asleep. I was awakened in the night by one of our chaps trying to put his boots on. After he had been trying for a minute or two, I heard the fellow next to him say: 'What the dickens are you doing?' 'Putting my boots on,' was the reply. 'Well, that's my foot, you idiot'."

A soldier on leave from the front paid a hurried visit to his home town. His friends gathered round, anxious to hear his adventures. "Did you get much hospitality in France?" asked one. "Did I?" replied the soldier. "Why I was in hospital nearly all the time."

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OLD HOMESTEAD SITE

The crack of the twigs under boot-heavy tread
And the brush of the bushes on canvas packs
Came to a rest as we stepped from the scrub
Into the clearing of long, yellow grass,
With the sun's hot glare
Returning our stare.

And the startled rabbits bobbed and fled,
And the birds of the bush were silent here,
As with altered stride we crossed that space
With the grass seeds clutching our socks as we pass
And we came to the shade
Of an English glade.

And we dropped our packs by the poplar tree
And sat down to rest in that silent place
With the tall, still trees keeping their council
And shedding green shade on the uneven ground,
The strange undulations
Of bygone foundations.

And we heard in our minds the laughter free
Of children romping in the sun
And the barking of dogs and the crack of a whip
As the drover came home from his mustering round,
And the firelight glow,
And the hope die slow.

And we rose and walked to the fringe of the trees
Where a lonely chimney yet did stand,
The grass grown high up its blackened face,
And the brambles smothering its broad based back,
And in silence we asked
The secrets of the past.

But the leaves shook their heads with a sudden breeze,
And a cloud came down to bid us begone,
And we left the ghosts with their guardian trees
And the dead cobwebs in the chimney stack,
And the bush took us back,
To our life and the track.

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A noted University professor, in a lecture before the Academy of Science, told of a printer who could "set type with one eye and read proofs with the other." Give us his name, Professor, and we'll hire him. Setting type with the eye instead of the hand is quite a feat.

LIFE

Man is brought into the world without his consent, and leaves it against his will.

During his pergrinations on earth his time is spent in endless rounds of contrariness and misunderstandings. In infancy he's an angel, in boyhood a Devil, in manhood anything from a microbe up.

If he raises a family he's a chump; if he raises a cheque a thief, and the Law raises trouble for him.

If he's in politics he's generally a logroller and a crook; out of politics you can't place him.

If he goes to church he's a hypocrite; if he stays away he's a sinner.

If he donates to charitable institutions he does it for trade; if he doesn't, it's because he's too mean.

When he comes into the world all the girls kiss him; before he goes out, they want to kick him. If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he's generally a rotter, living only to save funeral expenses, and nark his family.

When he is dead, they recognise that he was a good fellow. After all, Life is what you make it.

A number of ladies on a steamer on the Thames were horrified on having an ordinary-looking man among the passengers pointed out to them as one "who had buried seventeen wives." He was an undertaker.

FEAST OF MIRTH

FIRST-AID INSTRUCTIONS

PRINCIPLES TO NOTE—

Every injury should receive First-aid;

In more serious accidents have doctor called;

Arrest bleeding at once and apply germicide.

TREAT SHOCK—

Keep patient cheerful and crowds away; work quietly; after treatment place patient in most comfortable position.

TRANSPORT OF SICK AND INJURED—

Patients affected with faintness, shock, insensibility, excessive loss of blood, head, chest, abdominal and lower extremity injuries, should be transported in a stretcher in a lying position.



THE FIRST-AIDER MUST ON NO ACCOUNT TAKE UPON HIMSELF THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF A DOCTOR. At times an apparently slight injury is accompanied by grave danger or may easily be aggravated by rough or unskilled treatment, which may actually cause loss of life.

The importance of making early provision for medical aid cannot be too strongly insisted upon. Discrimination must be exercised as to advising the patient to see a doctor, sending for a doctor or taking the patient to him or to hospital. When sending for a doctor state the nature of the case, the whereabouts of the patient and, if it is intended to move him at once, the destination and the route to be followed. Written particulars are safer than a verbal message.

PROVISION FOR MEDICAL AID AND THE TREATMENT OF SHOCK ARE ESSENTIAL PARTS OF FIRST AID. These two maxims must be followed IN ALL CASES.

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MONKEY BUSINESS

A barrel-chested wharfie by the name of Pete was just winding up a three-week binge. That Saturday morning he drifted into a pub down Spencer Street, ordered a drink and looked around.

He reached for his drink. It wasn't there. Pete grinned sheepishly and pretended he'd been reaching for a cigarette. He wasn't going to tell the barman that a half dozen monkeys had just come along and one of them had drunk his whisky and thrown the glass back of the bar! Then he saw the barman had hold of a monkey who was trying to get out through the ventilator.

Pete turned to the customer next to him — the customer wasn't there! Suddenly Pete felt sick. The bar was deserted except for himself and the barman. But no, it wasn't deserted — that was the trouble.

Pete had heard about pink elephants. But monkeys! There were three — no, four — running around in front of the mirror sampling bottles. And when Pete looked behind him there were a lot of others hopping from table to table, eating cheese.

Pete reached out to snatch a drink some customer had left, but a monkey beat him to it. That did it.

A few minutes later a policeman at Bourke Street West answered a phone call. "This is the barman at the Governor Hotham a voice said: "You'd better send the pie-cart and four men and a strait-jacket. There's a bloke sitting here screaming: "There are no monkeys in here! There are no monkeys in here!"

"Oh, DT's," the officer said.

"No, not that," the barman said. "He's crazy. The damn place is full of them!"

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Compiled and Sold by
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GENT.**

Selling Same

War Time Tales
Recipes Verse
First Aid Hints



